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The Poor Smuggler's Boy

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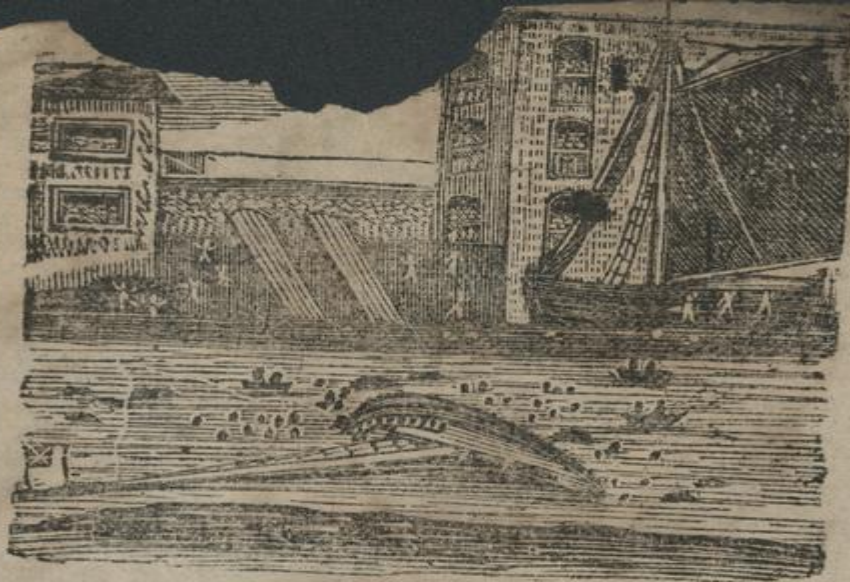


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The poor Smugglers' Boy.

ONE cloudy cold morning as abroad I did steer
By the wide rolling ocean that runs swift and clear;
I heard a poor creature that in sorrow did weep
Saying oh! my poor father is lost in the deep

CHORUS

O pity I crave or give me employ,
Or forlorn I must wander cried a poor Smuggler boy
My father and mother once happy did dwell
In y neat little cottage they reared me well.
Poor father did venture all on the salt sea,
For a keg of good brandy for the land of the free
For Holland we steer'd when the thunder did roar
And the lightning flash'd vivid when far from shore
Our ship, mast and rigging were blown to the wave
And found with poor father a watery grave.
I jump'd overboard to the troubled main,
To save my poor father but all was in vain,
I clasp'd his cold clay for quite lifeless was he
Then forc'd for to leave him sink down in the sea
I clung to a plank and so gained the shore.
With sad news to mother, and father no more
My mother with grief broken-hearted did die
And I was left to wander so pity poor I.
A lady of fortune she heard him complain,
And sheltered him from the wind and the rain,
She said I've employment no parents have I,
I'll think of an orphan till the day that I die,
He well did his duty and gain'd a good name,
Till the lady she died and he master became
She left him 2,000 bright pounds and some land
So if you're ever so poor you may live to be grand,
No more will he roam or weep for employ,
But tell the misfortune of a poor smuggler boy.

Waceler, Printer, Well street Manchester.